

# CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

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CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 2,759.

## OWEN & MOORE

No. 47 Franklin Street,

Call your Attention to:

### Their Large Stock

OF

Drugs, Patent Medicines,  
Paints, Oils, Window Glass, &c.

To Country Merchants and Country Physicians we propose to  
wholesale all goods in our line as cheap as they can be bought any  
where. We solicit the

#### RETAIL AND PRESCRIPTION TRADE

knowing that our facilities are not surpassed by any one for giving  
entire satisfaction. And we do not forget to return thanks to our  
many friends for past favors.

OWEN & MOORE.

## R.S. BROADBAND

HAS JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER LOT OF THOSE  
BEAUTIFUL WHITE AND CHECKED

## NAINSOOKS AND MULLS,

Jaconet, Swiss Hamburgs, Torchons,

## TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, DOYLIES, HOSIERY, ETC.,

THAT HE IS OFFERING AT VERY LOW PRICES.

## Clothing, Boots and Shoes

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

## COAL. COAL.

We are now receiving full supplies of

Pittsburg,  
St Bernard and Diamond,  
Main Mountain Jellico,  
Anthracite [Lehigh Valley,  
Chestnut Size]

which we can deliver during September at Summer prices. We will  
be pleased to receive your orders.

## F. P. GRACEY & BRO.

JNO. W. FAXON. FRANK T. HODGSON.

## JOHN W. FAXON & CO.,

## General Insurance Agents,

—Office at the—

Farmers and Merchants National Bank, Clarksville, Tenn.

We represent a fine line of the strongest foreign and American companies:

Continental, of New York.  
German American, of New York.  
American, of Philadelphia.  
Fire Association, of Philadelphia.  
Connecticut, of Hartford.  
Phoenix, of Hartford.  
North British and Mercantile.  
Northern, of London.  
Guardian, of London.  
Queen, of London.  
London and Lancashire.  
Home, of Nashville.

Insurance entrusted to us shall receive careful and prompt attention. A  
share of your business respectfully solicited. JNO. W. FAXON & CO.

#### SPRING IS HERE.

"Something tells me spring is near,  
Sweet spring, who brings the waiting year  
Its birds and flowers.

'Tis not that I have faintly heard  
An echo from some singing bird,  
Adown the gale;

Nor in the leafless woods have found,  
Half hidden in the low ground  
One blossom pale;

No, something fairer proves the birth  
Of sunny days, a sign that's worth  
A poet's sonnet.

'Tis Lulu with a charming frown,  
In doubt just how to treat the crown  
Of her spring bonnet."

#### THE SONG OF THE CAKE.

With features heated and red  
With head that throbs and aches,  
A woman stands in the kitchen,  
Turning duck-wheat cakes.

Bake! bake! bake!  
In autumn, winter and spring,  
And still with the voice of tremulous quake  
She but of the cake doth sing.

Bent! bent! bent!  
While the batter is foaming high,  
And bake! bake! bake!  
Till it seems that a man must die.

But not he hears him bravely,  
And the woman continues to bake,  
Speeding and lifting and turning,  
While the man he takes the cake.

#### FROM ALABAMA.

Terrible Conflagration at Camp Broom-  
sedge, Mormons, Peaches and Rattle-  
snakes.

To the Chronicle.

Since my last letter to the CHRONICLE,  
we have met with a big loss. Our  
whole party are now "rambling wrecks  
of poverty." To-day, while busily at  
work in the field, a gentleman living  
near our encampment, came hurriedly  
up, and told us our tents were burned,  
with their contents. It took us just one  
minute to gather our instruments, and  
wits together and strike a blue line for  
camp, about a mile and a half distant.  
When we got there, the tears and per-  
spiration were having a struggle for the  
first place, on some of the boys' faces.  
For there, scattered around at intervals  
of ten feet, were the sad remains of  
what had for months been our happy  
and comfortable home. In one place  
were the ribs of Sherley's valise, in another  
the fancy work on the tops of Sam  
Daly's Sunday shoes; off to the left were  
the pockets and lining of Capt. Neb-  
lett's dude pants, lying way off in a fu-  
neral pile to itself were the remnants of  
John Rice's pair of socks, while the  
tail of my gum coat was frying cheerfully  
in one corner. Our Sable chief, Mr.  
Neblett, who presides over the culinary  
department, thought when he found  
the tents on fire judgment day was at  
hand, and saved a cup of salt and a bot-  
tle of pepper-sauce out of his tent to save  
himself with. When we arrived he  
was mounted on a goods box, his eyes  
looked like base-balls, and he was fran-  
tically waving his talisman over his  
head. He was with some difficulty  
calmed down, and gotten back to terra  
firma.

But to come to the serious part of  
my story, and there is a very serious  
side to it. Nearly every thing we had  
in the world was burned to ashes.  
Mr. Sherley and Sam Daly were the  
heaviest losers, each having their en-  
tire stock of clothing destroyed, "Sun-  
day suits" and all. (I am a heap better  
off than they are, for I didn't have any  
new suit. I now believe like the old  
negro preacher, "Blessed am he what  
hath nuthin, for verily I say unto  
you, he shall not have it taken away.")  
All our bedding, blankets, pillows, va-  
lises, plug hats, plate-glass mirrors, let-  
ters, etc. have gone the way of earthly  
things, gone back to ashes. One of the  
boys—I can't indulge in personalities—  
when he found that his girl's photo was  
uninjured sat down and cried for joy.  
Another, not so fortunate, lost his pic-  
ture, and the two made a tableau which  
reminded us of the old Almanac group  
of "Before and After."

The boys say if any of their good  
friends in Clarksville have any old  
clothes they have abandoned, they  
wish you would make them up a bun-  
dle and send down. Any kind of  
clothes will be received, as the com-  
plete invoice of the camp show nothing  
but the top of one low-quartered shoe,  
one celluloid cuff, and four shoe strings.  
Last week I promised to write you  
something about the Mormons who  
raised a great stir in the neighborhood.  
But I have not been able to find out  
much about them, and in lieu of my  
own account, I will merely substitute  
some poetry, which I received from the  
lips of the author, Mr. W. A. Wat-  
kins, an original character, who holds  
forth on Indian Camp. Mr. Watkins  
has been a sufferer from the Mormons  
who proselyted his wife from the  
Christian faith, and took her from her  
husband. He takes great pleasure in  
telling how, at one time, after warning  
the disciples of Young and Smith not to  
come on "his side of the creek again,"  
he got several young men together, and  
providing them with hickory limbs,  
and a jug of "peartner" they made a  
raid on a Mormon meeting house, on  
the forbidden ground, and caught  
"Brother Fuller," a noted priest. They  
gave him a gentle timbering, and after  
it was over, he put on his coat, thanked

them for the "lecture," and said he was  
going back to Utah. He must have  
kept his word, for he has never been  
heard from since, in this neck of the  
woods. Below will be found Brother  
Watkins's effusions, as received by me,  
from beginning to end.

I thought when I got married, a happy man  
I'd be;  
My wife has joined the Mormons and we  
never can agree.  
She's pinned her faith to Joseph Smith and  
Brigham Young divine,  
Away with the Mormons, and let me here  
behold.

They will preach around the neighborhood;  
and eat our meat and bread,  
They will baptize the women, and lay hands  
on their heads.  
They will deny our blessed Savior, and the  
celestial home.  
And steal away the women, and leave us  
here alone.

They will travel through the country preach-  
ing on the way,  
Deceiving of the people, and leading them  
astray.  
The Mormons eat the butter and, their fol-  
lowers drink the whey;  
I hope that band in the Greenhill land will  
drive those Mormons away.

Old maids are distressing, I very well know,  
They have been the cause of my sad over-  
throw,  
They have cursed me and abused me, they  
have given me the lie;  
They have kept my poor heart almost ready  
to die.

They've imposed on good nature, and led me  
so low;  
That I've scarcely got money to pay what I  
owe.  
But now I've got weary, impatient to wait,  
Determined to move them before its too late;  
Then I'll treat the Mormons, and then I will  
quit.

The old maids and the Mormons are now in  
the ring;  
They think I am happy because I can sing.  
They will hang down their heads and look  
And some of them looks at me; as though  
they were mad.

But ah! they needn't look at me with a frown  
and a snarl  
For I think that it suits them the best in the  
world.  
There's a string of fool women all straight in  
a row.  
The Mormons can find them wherever they  
go.

They will preach their false doctrine so pure,  
and so fine,  
They will tell them fool women and leave  
them behind.  
But we will put up them Mormons, before it  
is day,  
We will give them a lecture and drive them  
away.

We'll take up John Linton, and his friend  
Elder Linton,  
And make them acquainted with forest and  
green.  
We'll make out them Mormons, so rosy and  
red,  
We will give them a shearing and feather  
their heads.

If the Mormons don't like it, the Lord says they  
can say,  
So go and up their business, and all get  
away.  
If the "Bible Food Company" gets them in  
low,  
They will hang up them Mormons, all  
straight in a row.

W. A. Watkins, the merry old croon  
He thinks that the Mormons will rattle out  
soon.

The Mormons carried a great many  
female converts from the Shoal Creek  
neighborhood, and some of the adjacent  
counties to Utah, but Brother Wat-  
kins and his band persuaded them that  
they didn't need any women from the  
Indian Camp country.

All the game has not been killed  
down here yet; two deers were seen and  
shot at within a mile of our camp last  
week, and we have seen several turkeys  
on our work. But the most abundant  
and by far the gamest game we have  
are ticks. They are indefatigable trav-  
elers, and awfully tame.

We are frequently enticed by sto-  
ries of the doing of rattlesnakes, which  
are said to be as thick as leaves, almost.  
We saw a stone in Florence the other  
day which contained a partial mold of a  
mammoth rattle. At the widest  
part, the mold was four inches across,  
tapering down to the tail. Twelve  
rattles, were plainly counted. This cu-  
riosity was found on Wolf Creek; and  
is now the property of Mr. Calvin Car-  
son, of Florence.

The weather has been extremely  
cold for this season, down here. We  
have been refreshed with several white  
frosts, a sleet and a snow storm. It is  
feared the fruit crop will be badly dam-  
aged. Peaches and plums would have  
been very abundant, had it not been so  
cold.

We will move the remains of our  
camp Thursday to our new division  
West Point, Tenn., which place will  
be our post office hereafter.

PAUL J. WYATT.

#### Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused  
in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the  
remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Cor-  
ley, who was so helpless he could not  
turn in bed, or raise his head; every-  
body said he was dying of consump-  
tion. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New  
Discovery was sent him. Finding re-  
lief, he bought a large bottle and a box  
of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the  
time he had taken two boxes of Pills  
and two bottles of the Discovery, he  
was well and had gained in flesh thirty-  
six pounds. Trial bottles of this  
Great Discovery for Consumption free  
at Owen & Moore's.

"Yes," said a noted detective, "I  
have seen a great many queer things in  
my experience." "Discovered a good  
many gigantic frauds, I suppose?"  
ventured an admirer. "Well, I should  
say so," was the reply. "But, between  
you and me, the most complete piece  
of detection I ever saw was a woman,  
young, pretty, and I would have sworn,  
an angel." "But she wasn't?" "I  
should say not. She has a temper  
like a whirlwind, and when she gets  
wild the very earth seems to shake."  
"Good gracious! And how did you  
manage to discover her true character?"  
"Well, I—Ahem! The fact is, I mar-  
ried her!"

#### "The Emancipation of Massachusetts."

New York Catholic Review.

There is no question as to the mental  
activity of New England. That natu-  
rally barren corner of the United States  
has at all events been productive of  
much thought, and of the six States  
which constitute the region Massachu-  
setts has undoubtedly always taken the  
lead. The public school system of the  
United States took its origin in New  
England, the larger part of the text  
books, which have underlain the in-  
struction in those schools, were written  
either in New England, or by men—  
and women—of New England birth.  
The glorification of New England, and  
especially of Massachusetts, has been  
easy of accomplishment. The average  
American has been made to feel that  
what he had of political liberty, reli-  
gious truth, or moral standing, he owed  
to a great extent to the puritans of  
Massachusetts Bay or to some other  
New England source.

It is true that from time to time ir-  
reverent rancorists have defaced the  
New England idols. Only few years  
ago a Washington lawyer embodied in  
a pamphlet the curious researches of the  
"Pilgrim Fathers," the real personali-  
ties and conduct of those worthies  
while in England, and their career  
during their successive wandering in  
England, and Holland until their final  
settlement at Plymouth Rock. It was  
a startling chapter of history no doubt  
to those who had hitherto been unsus-  
picious of the real facts. Instead of  
straight-laced, yet restrained and pious,  
if grim, heroes, so often eloquently ex-  
tollled at high-toned banquets in Decem-  
ber, a body of brawling, mischievous,  
ill-conditioned fanatics, not nearly so  
dignified in their behavior as our tar-  
porine-thumping Salvation Army, was  
shown—a whimsical, queer-faced, half-  
demented lot of "cranks," many of  
them cobbler and tinkers, who seemed  
to combine at once all the extravaganc-  
ies of doctrine that the confusion of  
the so-called Reformation had let loose  
upon the world; inspirationism, mah  
cure, spiritism, communism, and even,  
at times, free-love. It was no wonder  
that the staid and rather conservative  
Protestantism of Holland was grieved at  
the antics of these "pilgrims," who had  
been warmly welcomed in ignorance of  
their real character. The local courts  
of England had "persecuted" the pil-  
grims; nowadays the word "prose-  
cuted" would be preferred. It was no  
wonder either that our New York  
Dutch, hearing of the approach of the  
"pilgrims" to New Amsterdam, re-  
sorted to a shrewd device to ward off  
the "blessing" of such settlers. What  
would New York be to-day if the Pil-  
grims had landed here instead of at  
Plymouth Rock? There is room for  
much conjecture.

But whatever criticism might have  
been made on the famous band of Pil-  
grims, one would hardly expect that a  
non-Catholic Massachusetts man, and  
of the name of Adams, too, would so  
rudely tear away the symbols of almost  
idolatrous worship that have been set  
on the heads of the great New England  
"divines" of the olden day. Yet that  
is what is done, in a work recently pub-  
lished in Boston by Houghton, Mifflin  
& Co.—"The Emancipation of Massachu-  
setts" by Mr. Brooks Adams. The theory  
which Mr. Adams puts forth is that  
the Massachusetts "divines" of former  
days were a brood of tyrants, and that  
Massachusetts was not thoroughly  
emancipated until the yoke of the pecu-  
liar Puritan religious teachings, and  
the practices following from those teach-  
ings, had been thrown off.

Of course a Catholic will see in all  
this much that probably Mr. Adams  
does not see. Whether the Mathers  
were insincere hypocrites as well as  
tyrants, as Mr. Adams contends, or not,  
scarcely matters. They were a neces-  
sary part of that distorted form of Chris-  
tianity which mistakes unregulated im-  
pulse for the grace of God and crude  
egotism for holiness. Mr. Adams's  
book is only another evidence of what  
all calm students of American history  
must have become certain of long ago,  
namely, that whatever the United States  
may owe to New England in general  
and to Massachusetts in particular, is  
due to the people of New England in-  
dependently of Puritanism, or rather in  
spite of Puritanism.

#### The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Solt, Druggist, Bippus, Ind.,  
testifies: "I can recommend Electric  
Bitters as the very best remedy. Every  
bottle sold has given relief in every  
case. One man took six bottles, and  
was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years'  
standing." Abraham Hare, druggist,  
Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best  
selling medicine I have ever handled in  
my 20 years experience, is Electric  
Bitters." Thousands of others have  
added their testimony, so that the ver-  
dict is unanimous that Electric Bitters  
do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kid-  
neys or Blood. Only a half dollar a  
bottle at Owen & Moore's Drug Store.

The merits of a new church organ  
were thus described: "The swell died  
away in a delicious suffocation, like one  
singing a sweet song under the bed  
clothes."

She was not young, but she had  
money. "Dearest," he began; but  
she stopped him. "I anticipate what  
you are about to say, Mr. Simkin," she  
said, "and I would spare your feelings,  
for it can never, never be. I esteem  
you highly, and will be a sister to—"  
"I have four sisters already," he inter-  
rupted, bitterly—"four grown up sisters  
—and life is a hideous burden. But,  
oh, Clara," he went on passionately, "if  
you cannot be my wife, will you not  
give me a mother's protecting love? I  
am an orphan."

"Doesn't that sound heavenly?"  
whispered Miss Gushington, when the  
groom declared to the bride, "with all  
my worldly goods I thee endow."

#### THE VERY TRUTH.

Mr. Randall's Statement That the Policy of  
Protection is Founded Upon a Violation  
of the Constitution.

Even that high-priest of protection,  
Mr. Randall, admits that if the revenue  
laws of the country expressly provided  
for what they are designated to accom-  
plish, they would be a clear violation of  
the constitution of the United States.  
No one, at all familiar with the National  
constitution, will be inclined to differ  
with Mr. Randall in this particular.  
There is no doubt, but that he is exactly  
right about it.

But what do the people think about  
the policy of violating the constitution  
of the country for the purpose of sub-  
sidizing the few? Must the organic  
law of the Nation be forever infringed,  
that the select few can reap the rewards  
of the constitution? Is this rivalry  
of protection forever to be upheld,  
upon the false plea of protecting Amer-  
ican labor? Do not the people know  
that the tariff robs, instead of protects,  
labor?

These and similar question arise for  
solution and the friends of our revenue  
system can not answer them to the sat-  
isfaction of the true interest of the people;  
but by trickery and evasion they  
seek to uphold a ruinous system, which  
not only violates the fundamental law  
of the land, but provides for the most  
unblushing robbery ever tolerated by a  
civilized people?

The masses of the people have not  
had time to spare, from their excessive  
tax, to examine our revenue system.  
They have been kept quite busy in  
earning money, to swell the coffers of  
the rich beneficiaries of the tariff.  
They have largely accepted the false-  
hoods of the tariff advocates as true, and  
have largely voted to continue their own  
degradation. Isn't it about time to re-  
turn to the constitution, and to put a  
perpetual period to the tariff robbery?

Farmers, mechanics, laboring men of  
all classes, take a little time and look  
this matter over, and see if you have  
not been cursed about long enough by  
the robber tariff?—The Million.

#### Belshazzar's Warning.

"Tried int he balance and found want-  
ing" is the general verdict rendered  
against most of the so-called cures for  
lung troubles. Such a decision has  
never been given against Dr. R. V.  
Pierce's "Golden Discovery." On the  
contrary, it is conceded by thousands  
who have tried it, to be the only remedy  
for consumption (scrofula of the lung)  
and scrofulous diseases generally. It  
will not cure when both lungs are most  
gone, but if taken when the disease is  
in the first stages it never fails. It is al-  
so specific for such scrofulous affections  
as fever-sores, white swellings, hipjoint  
disease, and great eating ulcers, and  
for blood taints generally, from what-  
ever cause arising. By druggists.

#### Topnoody Taken Down.

Mr. Topnoody threw down his news-  
paper with a muttered obijuration and  
looked across the table at his wife.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.  
"This confounded Civil Service re-  
form twaddle makes me sick," he ex-  
claimed. "I don't see why it is that  
a lot of men can't do their duty when  
it is marked out plainly before them."  
"Did you order that coal to-day?"  
she asked irrelevantly, but with a new  
light shining in her face.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he  
said, picking up his paper again.  
"that's got nothing to do with Civil  
Service reform."

"Did you order that coal?" she per-  
sisted.

"N—no my dear," he hesitated, "I  
forgot all about it. But I'll do it the  
first thing in the morning. As I was  
saying my dear, this Civil Service  
reform—"

"Don't talk to me, Topnoody, about  
Civil Service reform," she said boldly.  
"What you want to devote your time  
and attention to is domestic service  
reform. There isn't a lump of coal in  
the cellar; the boards are off the side  
fence; that back yard looks like a pig-  
pen; there hasn't been a stick of kind-  
ling chopped since Saturday; you  
haven't given me a cent of money in  
two weeks, and the cook is going to  
leave in the morning. You may think  
that the way to do things, Topnoody,  
but I won't say to you that I'm ran-  
ning this administration now, and if  
you don't stop fooling with politicks  
and attend to business you'll hear from  
headquarters after a fashion; that will  
make your head swim." Civil Service  
reform, indeed!"

Topnoody never said a word; he  
knew better.

#### Cool, Careful Mr. Nettterfield.

Mr. Harman Nettterfield, the young  
gentleman of Kingsland, Wells Co.,  
Ind., who drew the \$15,000 in the Feb.  
8th drawing of The Louisiana State  
Lottery, has received the cash. He  
yesterday deposited it in the First Na-  
tional Bank, where it will remain. He  
is a cool careful business man, and will  
safely invest it in due time.—Fort  
Wayne (Ind.) Gazette, Feb. 18.

#### The Cost of Ignorance.

Absence of knowledge of the fact  
that physical and mental weakness, in-  
digestion, impure blood, and sick head-  
ache can be averted by Dr. Har-  
rison's Iron Tonic, costs millions of money  
annually for uncertain and unreliable  
decoctions.